CÉCILE HÉBELLE

Kely,
The Fool's Initiation

Tome 0
Swinging Champion

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The Fool's initiation

Tome 0 :
« Where it all Began »

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This is the beginning of Kely's Libertine life

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1- The Birth of Passion

Facing my bathroom mirror lit by a spring sun, I contemplated my body while applying a moisturizer, running my hands over the muscles of my calves and then my thighs, rising toward my stomach and chest.

Gently massaging my bust, I observed their firmness and the curves of the woman reflected there, her skin evenly bronzed in the mirror. Standing at nearly five-foot-nine, she was definitively very alluring, sparking desire in those who cast their gaze upon her.

I still wondered how I had psychologically become who I am today.

Was it my father's pathological severity, striking me with his belt when he corrected me for faults I hadn't committed, thus protecting my younger brother and older sister? Between the two, I had the worst position, that of the defiant one paying the price for the other two. Despite the fleeting pain of the belt, I eventually found a certain thrill in it, to the point of provoking him just to receive the next correction. All the literature I devoured on the subject indicated that we carry within us all the flaws our parents inflicted during childhood. His savagery toward me often increased during family gatherings, allowing him to showcase his authority in the eyes of everyone.

Punished, belittled, I would return to my bed, finding solace only in the comfort

my own touch provided. My survival was owed to the role of my grandmother, who decided to spare me this suffering by taking me in. Later, I quickly discovered through my physique that I was a target for men, a game that was far from displeasing me, but in which I accepted seduction while rejecting the affection that exhausted me.

I felt that something was missing from my balance. When a gaze fell upon me, I felt a wave of heat stirring deep within, while my haughty, though involuntary, "posh" air scared off those who tried to approach me, thinking that this type of girl could not be alone in life.

Feline at heart, seduction was a battle for me. I sought tenderness, but this tenderness had to be balanced by its

opposite, unconsciously seeking the mark of suffering my father instilled in me.

My first union, entered into a bit too young, proved catastrophic and the polar opposite of what I was ultimately seeking. It is in recalling these facts that I caught myself provoking friction to receive what I expected and missed so much. Yet, this man never understood what those expectations were, driving me vainly to even stronger provocations until our separation.

I found myself alone with a four-year-old daughter, carrying the burden of misunderstanding and that of solitude. I pulled on my shorts and t-shirt and left the bathroom to return to my treadmill and practice my morning gymnastics

session. After a few kilometers, I lay down on my floor mat, engaging in my stretching exercises.

Once finished, my hand slipped delicately through my shorts, while the other, lifting my t-shirt, caressed my skin. My legs stiffened, my muscles tensed with feet pointed, accelerating the pace of my touch faster and faster, leading me to release through my most secret fantasies in which I involved Marc, the partner of my new life as a couple.

I had fallen madly in love with Marc, already due to a physical attraction to this tall, strong man through whom I felt the common desire to go further, always further and without limits. My fantasies were so numerous, wild, and powerful

that they were compressed in a bottle, choking at the neck, prevented from bursting out. Through my repeated waves of pleasure, I let a few desires escape. When I felt his finger brush my lips, I would seize it with my tongue, letting him sense my natural inclinations, which he captured immediately. I knew I was capable of being without any limit, a volcano fueled by the fire of my senses and my wildest desires.

I wanted to be surrendered to myself, to be surprised, offering myself without reserve to all forms of sensation. I wanted to become his, I wanted to be his source of shared pleasure, entirely devoted to his will in a total and complete complicity. During my stretching sessions, I imagined going

beyond all prohibitions in search of new and even stronger sensations.

I felt the joy of always dressing in a very sexy and provocative way during the day. Even if I didn't show that seductive side openly, I took intense pleasure in the thought of the fantasies running through the minds of those who watched me. Sitting cross-legged at a café table, I savored my espresso just as much as the eyes fixed on my exposed thighs, dreaming of being claimed and possessed on the spot without discussion.

One evening, Marc invited me to the birthday party of one of his friends, celebrating the event among close acquaintances at his home. The couple lived in a beautiful villa in the Paris

region, where about ten couples and a few single people had gathered. If I was provocative during the day, I was even more so at night, exhibiting the maximum while covering the minimum. The atmosphere was festive, and I wasn't the only woman present to be daringly dressed. I wore a slit skirt and a black silk top, just sheer enough to reveal the curve of my silhouette. I observed the looks and attitudes of those around me, paying close attention to my curves and the transparency of my blouse.

The champagne flowed freely while the music fueled an increasingly heated atmosphere. At one point, Marc approached me accompanied by his friend Philippe and Sally, his wife, whom I didn't know. The two of us exchanged a few words, feeling a deep

mutual attraction that only our eyes reflected.

— I find you radiant, Kely, and so exciting, Sally said in a languid voice.

— I return the compliment, I replied with voluptuousness.

To the music of Enigma, a young woman from the crowd climbed onto the living room table and began a dance to the rhythm of the music. Her movements followed the grace of her body as her light clothing fell to the floor. Mounted on her high heels, all that remained was a corset supporting her bust and a delicate leather piece enhancing her femininity.

— I have a feeling this evening is going to be memorable! Sally remarked, laughing.

— Everything it takes to fight off boredom, I shot back.

Marc joined us at that very moment, just as another woman came to join the dancer on the table and, in a few movements, found herself in a similar outfit.

— Marc, it's a pleasure to meet Kely tonight! Your only mistake is not introducing her to me sooner!

My eyes were fixed on the second woman kneeling on the living room table, her mouth brushed by the delicate leather of the first in a game of surrender.

— I’m certain, Sally, that Kely would dream of being in that pretty young woman's place, Marc said.

— That’s my impression as well, Sally retorted. I even saw in her eyes that she was thinking of nothing else!

— And how could you see that? I replied, questioning and consenting.

— I read in you this desire to explode, and it doesn't deceive me, a fire so ardent that it's impossible for you to hide its flames, Sally replied.

— You amaze me! I’ll have to make an appointment with you for a personal consultation, I replied ironically.

— Come! Follow me, Sally said.

She led me to the foot of the living room table and had me climb up alongside the two girls, finding myself in a flash in the same attire. Besides the smiles, the scene unfolded without a single word in a kind of natural sequence. The dancer, the wife of one of Philippe's friends, held a leather crop in her hands. As we synchronized our dance, I watched the light dim and the guests move closer to the large living room table to surround it. Sudden fantasies exploded within me, imagining myself surrendered to this group of captivated men.

My partner removed my corset, revealing my firm bust to the public. She pressed against me, body to body, and kissed me voluptuously, forcing me to kneel with her. At that exact moment, I felt a burning fire within me consuming

my vitals as I perceived the snap of a leather strap against my skin.

Leaving my lips, my partner lay down with her legs parted around me and invited me to lean over her. I found myself in a position where my curves, only lightly covered by a thin layer of lace, were offered to our dancer's crop. Without any particular effort but with an almost visible frenzy, I seized my partner's skin, teasing her between my lips while the lashes of the whip fell upon my lower back. Torn between the pleasure of their stinging, I swayed, fully entering the game. As the straps continued to lash my skin, I saw the hands of men and women approaching the three of us, feeling our bodies with delicacy. Sally came back to me, bound my wrists with a pair of steel cuffs, and

placing me at the edge of the table, blindfolded me.

In the dark, I could discern multiple hands exploring every area of my body. With the fire consuming me more than ever, I lent myself to the circumstances, offering them what they sought. Unable to use my hands, I used my lips to respond to what was presented to me.

I felt hands take my head by the hair and guide me toward their strength, which I welcomed deep between my lips while they regulated the rhythm. I was in a state of extraordinary ecstasy as I had never known such sensations. My volcano was in full eruption when I felt the first release flood me, increasing my frenzy tenfold. Asking to remove this mask, my head was immediately taken

back under control by other hands, swallowing an enormous presence between my lips. I just felt the movement of my head going back and forth faster and faster, then the sudden swelling of this mass before feeling its warm fluid flow over my face.

The dancer made me turn on my knees, placing my mouth between my partner's legs and offering my silhouette to any taker. My lace silk immediately slipped down my legs and without waiting, I felt a thick member invade me.

As I busied myself with my frantic caresses, I realized one of my fantasies, that of being taken for a simple thing, an object of pleasure at the disposal of every desire, imposing no restrictions. While I felt this thick pulse harden

before it released its geysers, a few fingers came to explore my depths before settling there. I couldn't help but show them the emotion I felt by constantly moaning with pleasure. Sally, seeing me constrained, released me from my cuffs.

I found myself standing, leaning forward and supported horizontally on each side by hands, while I tried to satisfy everything that presented itself to me. Covered in the salt of our efforts, I lay down on the living room table where my two acolytes joined me, cuddling and kissing me tenderly. Sally took me by the hand and accompanied me with a wide smile on her lips to the bathroom.

"You were wonderful tonight, Kely!" "And yet nothing was planned, right?"

"No, nothing was planned, but here tonight we all share the same secrets!" "Now I understand better," I said, laughing. "Seeing you for the first time tonight, I knew you would be a candidate for our little games! I detected it right away," she said, kissing me greedily. "Well-endowed guys, I love them, it’s one of my fantasies."

Without waiting for me to shower, Sally pinned me against the wall, knelt down, and placed her head between my thighs, triggering a thunderous release.

"With Marc, you're all set because he has what you need! Speaking of which, we have two friends here tonight; they came alone and are originally from South Africa, they are important traders. If your heart desires..."

After the shower, I went back to drink a few glasses and get to know my play partners at a level higher than that of their belts. I met these two friends from Johannesburg, young and friendly, built like rock. We talked for quite a while, joking about French customs which were ultimately very close to those they knew in their country.

"We watched your show with great interest!" said one of them. "Really, you enjoyed it?" I asked. "With a body as magnificent and sensual as yours, not to mention your hunger, one would have to be difficult not to appreciate it!" "Yet, I didn't see either of you participate!" "Since we are a bit lost here among you, and given our origin and our physical attributes, we preferred to stay aside..." "Your physical attributes?" "Uh... Yes! In

comparison to your counterparts, we have different frames," he said, laughing.

— Hmmm... Very interesting! It’s something that impresses me and raises my curiosity!

— If you want to satisfy your curiosity, we are at your disposal!

— Uh... Sally mentioned that behind this door here, there was a small bedroom; we could go there discreetly, couldn't we?

— It’s fine with us, we’ll follow you!

I slipped away discreetly, following Sally’s plan as she pointed out the small door at the back of the reception hall. I discovered a small bedroom with an en-suite bathroom and a large bed right in

the middle. A few moments later, my two rascals arrived behind me.

It didn't take long for me to shed my two pieces of clothing and find myself naked before them. They asked me to get on the bed and exhibit my body, showing them my intimacy in every detail. I liked the authoritative side they displayed, surely holding a few surprises for me. Both in boxers side by side, they ordered me to kneel before them, and I complied. I placed a hand on each pair of boxers, stroking them up and down. My fingers brushed the contours of something that seemed disproportionate. The excitement was such that I could no longer hold back and pulled down both pairs of boxers. I discovered with amazement two enormous members continuing to tense and stand tall.

— My God, it's Byzantium tonight, gentlemen! I retorted, laughing.

— Knowing you a little, I think you're going to like it, one of them replied with a smile.

Teasing my two impressive specimens with my tongue, I welcomed them, my lips parting to accommodate their size. I saw her, this tanned woman, surrendered and at the mercy of two forces who were going to give her the intense sensations between pain and pleasure she dreamed of so much, overwhelming her senses.

— My God, they are so magnificent, they’re already driving me crazy! Do whatever you want with me.

— We'll start by taking you one by one; then we'll see if you're capable of taking us both at the same time.

— Given the exercise tonight, I'm well prepared; I think with a little effort we could manage it.

After an active session of adoration, I got into a doggy-style position on the bed, the first one penetrating me slowly and delicately. I felt a deep, searing fullness, a sensation that was both demanding and, for me, so blissful. He busied himself more and more, bringing me one wave of pleasure after another. Turned toward his friend, I moved back and forth to the rhythm of his hands, my lips in contact with his strength. While he accelerated the movement, his

colleague explored my most private depths with his fingers.

— You’re ready; I think I’ll be able to slip into you just as easily!

After feeling his guidance, I felt something much more regular and intense enter my depths very slowly. I didn't know I had this capacity for elasticity while enjoying powerfully the sensation he provided.

— Hummm, how you make me come, it’s incredible! I told him smoothly.

— The hardest part is over; now I’m going to reach the very end. The contrast of our skin in this embrace is so beautiful!

At those words, I felt the one who hadn't left my mouth swell abruptly, releasing his essence into the back of my throat, which he ordered me to swallow. Devoted to his whims, I did not wish to disappoint him. At the same moment, I saw Marc discreetly appear in the room.

— Don’t mind me! he said softly.

— Were you looking for me, darling? I asked.

— Yes and no! I knew where you were, he said ironically.

— I'm having such a blast, you wouldn't believe it! They're making me come like crazy, darling!

— Well then, take full advantage of the opportunity!

My explorer gradually disengaged, leaving me feeling breathless and open; I suddenly felt a profound sense of release. He lay down on the bed and I positioned myself on him while his colleague took his place behind me, sinking in delicately.

I couldn't help but let out a few cries as I felt these two forces literally claiming me. I looked at Marc, begging him to join in my pleasure, which he did by placing himself between my lips. I observed his excitement at the sight of these two men worshiping my intimacy.

I refrained from making any comment regarding my unspoken fantasies; he was experiencing them live. A few minutes later, I felt warmth spilling over my skin while Marc, unable to hold back any

longer, poured himself into my mouth. The hoarse groan of my other partner led me to pull away, just long enough to seize his powerful member and guide him to his own release. He violently flooded my chest with his substance before a sigh of relief and pleasure.

That night, without even mentioning my extraordinary feelings, I had achieved a physical performance that was a major first. Returning home later that night, copiously sharing the story of the evening with Marc during our lovemaking, I had just realized where my world lay; my personality was revealing itself to me.

I was that woman with the desirable physique, that soul who dreamed only of being taken in lust. I felt this terrible,

irresistible urge to surrender, to lose myself in the intensity, to enjoy the raw edge of the suffering I sought.

In this ideal, I needed an accomplice, a man showing enough love for me to see me shared and offered, admiring me at the height of my desires, but a man capable of demanding total obedience when I felt the need. After that memorable evening, I was convinced that the man I held in my arms, who was feasting on me, was indeed the right one, the one who, through love and passion, accepts my secrets and my depravities. Through my actions and the realization of my fantasies, I wanted to dominate his mind, to become his sole fantasy, so that all his energy would be concentrated on me.

2 - Stripped Bare

Marc had gone on a trip abroad, and I was enjoying a sunny afternoon by the pool. Sabine, a friend, was due to visit me during the day. A lovely creature with blue eyes capable of driving a man mad, mired in her misguided fidelity while her husband cheated on her shamelessly.

A little later, the gate bell rang and Sabine joined me, happy to chat and share her woes. Wanting to enjoy the pool, I took her to a bedroom to change into a swimsuit and took the opportunity to watch her undress.

— Given the sun this afternoon, I advise you to only wear the bottom; a little

natural tan will do you a world of good! — Yes, you're right, and besides, we're not likely to be disturbed!

Sabine took care of her body, always dressed to the nines and very striking in her makeup. Her silhouette was splendid, and I wondered how such an irresistible girl could endure her ordeal with a man who shared no intimacy with her.

Sipping our coffee by the water, she told me of her latest mishaps following a few blonde hairs she found on her husband's clothes. The urge seized me that day to set her free and break the spell.

— You have to stop feeling sorry for yourself, Sabine! You are lovely and desirable, but you've shut yourself in a

cage, suffering while your man is having a blast all over the planet.

— Okay, but what do you want me to do, ask for a divorce?

— No! First of all, be who you are, the one who wants to be herself. Your style, your way of dressing, even down to your makeup, shows the person you'd like to be and that you're hiding, even if you don't realize it.

— You think I have a double personality?

— Like almost all women, our makeup gives us a second skin, a kind of mirror of ourselves. I've analyzed it in myself and in other women too. Come, let's get in the water!

After a few laps and some laughs, I moved closer to Sabine, pressing right up against her, and slid my hand directly into her swimsuit.

— Stop playing a part. You're just dying to let loose; you crave it so much you dream about it at night! I've been watching you for quite some time; you’re full of unfulfilled fantasies! Am I wrong?

— No... You're right, totally right... Hmmm... don't take your hand away, it feels so good! she said in a languid voice.

— With Marc, I discovered my true self not so long ago during a party; I ended up surrendered, offered to all the guests present. I felt amazing sensations and a

fire that stayed within me, and you too, you have that fire smoldering inside you. — Hmmm, how lucky you are, a luck I don't have, she said, kissing me.

Her kiss, increasingly intense and lingering, revealed her true personality and her true desires; I felt Sabine vibrating under my touch just as I was vibrating myself.

— Tonight our men are away! So the two of us are going on a little adventure! — Where do you want to go?

— Surprise, darling!

I pulled her out of the water, holding her hand, and we headed toward my bedroom together. I laid her on the bed and rushed toward her without her showing any reluctance; on the contrary,

she took me in her arms and surrendered herself physically to me entirely. Sabine asked me to tell her about my adventures during that anniversary party, and I took pleasure in giving her all the details.

— You're so right, darling, I want to enjoy myself too! He's cheating on me, so I'll return the favor, doubly so, she said in the middle of a release.

— Tonight, you're going to offer yourself to everyone you like, asking for nothing, just taking your pleasure where it's found. You're just going to be who you are and show it well!

Sabine and I had very similar measurements. It was therefore easy for me to dress her for the occasion. I watched her, amused, as she chose the

outfit she wished to wear, reflecting her desires geared toward the most daring of styles. Our afternoon intimacy seemed to have completely transformed her. She tried things on, twirling in front of the mirror before asking for my opinion.

— Hmmm, this is cute, what do you think? It doesn't look too... provocative? — It fits you like a glove, I replied.

— Do you mean the role or the clothes? she shot back, doubled over with laughter.

For her final choice, she opted for a very short black stretch skirt hugging her insolent curves, and a corset enhancing her generous bust. She easily found a pair of open-toed pumps in her size, and we finally finished getting ready. Around

9 PM, I hit the road with Sabine toward our destination.

— Where are we going? Sabine asked impatiently.

— A club that one of Marc's friends recommended. Apparently, the food is very good, the atmosphere is great, and the clientele is hand-picked.

We entered the place, greeted by a doorman who looked us up and down from head to toe before granting us a smile and letting us in. It was mid-weekend, and many people were already there. As a welcome, we were invited to the bar for a glass of champagne. The atmosphere was hushed in dimmed light, bathed in relaxing music.

— This club seems really nice; I feel good here! Sabine declared, smiling.

— Plus, there are quite a few attractive couples, I added.

Being at the bar gave us an opportunity to get to know other couples, and we didn't stay isolated for long. A very handsome couple joined us with a wide smile.

— Good evening! We’re Sandy and Chris!

— Nice to meet you; we're Kely and Sabine. It’s our first time here! I replied.

— Indeed, I don't believe I've ever seen you here; otherwise, I would remember, Chris emphasized with a charming smile.

While I talked with Sandy, Chris suggested giving Sabine a short tour of the place. I followed suit, accompanied by Sandy. There were a few small corridors and various themed alcoves. After a few steps, we arrived in another, more spacious world, where large tables and benches furnished a space in the shadows of a tropical decor.

Chris led Sabine in front of me, a hand on her hip occasionally straying quickly to her backside—an attitude she didn't seem to mind. Sandy was a beautiful young brunette with long hair, possessing a deep and penetrating gaze in her blue eyes, constantly watching me. Following Chris and Sabine's lead, we were pushed into a crowd where a woman, her clothes shed, was busy with the group surrounding her.

— You are very beautiful, Kely; I like you immensely! I feel a very strong attraction in you; I don't know how to explain it, Sandy declared, sliding her hand over my curves.

— I feel the same toward you, I told her, kissing her. Your husband is very nice too...

— Your friend Sabine is a novice, I think, right? Chris will take care of her shortly.

Sabine was in the front row, greedily watching the scene unfolding before her eyes. Chris let his hand slide down, caressing her silhouette. Another man right next to Sabine joined Chris, exploring her thighs while pulling up her tight miniskirt, both discovering her

intimacy without Sabine feeling disturbed.

Chris unhooked her corset, leaving her chest within reach of all hands. Approaching her, Sabine met my gaze, the urge to cry out with pleasure in her sparkling eyes. With Chris holding her shoulders, she knelt, surrounded by her suitors. I observed her growing appetite as she gave herself to one after another, satisfying them with surprising frenzy. Focused on the attention she was providing Chris, she went all the way without losing a single drop. While Sandy teased my skin, Sabine was laid out on the large bench with her legs raised, offering her intimacy without restriction, covered by many hands exploring every inch of her body, gently

stirring her senses, while others followed one after another between her thighs.

With Sandy exploring my depths with ardor, I felt another hand caressing my curves. Plunged into a release triggered by Sandy, I suddenly felt myself joined while my breasts were offered to the touch of the first comer.

My pleasure increased tenfold when I heard Sabine's climax becoming uncontrollable. She stood up and came toward me, placing my head between her damp breasts while I felt a boiling essence pour into me.

— How about we go to dinner after these appetizers, what do you think? Sandy asked.

After a mandatory stop at the bathroom, we found ourselves around a table for four. Sandy and Chris exchanged their impressions, while Sabine shared hers with me.

— Darling, to tell you that this is a fabulous moment for me is an understatement, it's divine. Never in my whole life have I had such a blast!

— But you're only at the beginning of the evening, Sweetheart! Sandy shot back.

— You'll probably discover more surprises a bit later, I replied, amused.

We soon began to talk about our respective lives as couples: myself with Marc, Sandy with Chris, and Sabine and her husband, letting ourselves go with

the most intimate confidences. For my part, despite a perfect understanding, Marc wasn't firm enough on me, at least not yet. I needed a confrontation followed by a true correction, and not just his tender complicity; I knew this was essential to my balance.

Sabine told of her solitary misfortunes in the absence of a partner who distracted himself with other women. She had just realized tonight that this situation was actually beneficial for her.

— Do the following, Sandy continued, when he returns from his trip, arrange not to be at home, don't return until the early morning, looking worn out by the night spent. He will then follow you like a little puppy.

— You could even bring him here with us, for that matter; it's a very good idea! I added.

Two fit, muscular men in boxers were wandering from table to table offering their services during the meals and headed toward our table. Sabine and I, face to face at the end of the table, were the first to welcome them.

— Good evening Ladies, good evening Sir, we are Jérémie and Dany, two club entertainers in charge of adding a bit of atmosphere during dinner, at least if you feel the need, of course!

— Hummm... And what do you suggest? Sabine asked, piqued by the originality of the offer.

— Anything you could wish for, Mademoiselle! We are here for your pleasure and at your disposal. In fact, we had the pleasure of seeing you earlier in the tropical garden; what a shame not to have been closer to you...

— Well, now you are very close! she retorted, laughing.

White boxers and white t-shirts, their muscles were outlined under the fabric. Sabine, finishing her lobster mayonnaise, seemed tempted to taste more before her main course.

— Your wishes are my commands, Mademoiselle, he said with a smirk.

— Tell me, I get the impression that your beautiful white boxers are quite

prominent in that spot, Sabine replied, placing her hand on them.

— Oh, Mademoiselle, you've just electrified me!

— It even looks like high voltage! she continued, releasing his impressive strength.

Relaxed, she moved back and forth on the shaft, letting it take its full shape. She brought her lips close and teased it with her tongue. I saw a fire shimmering in the depths of her eyes. She took her fork and placed a bit of mayonnaise on it, which she tasted immediately.

— In return, could I have the privilege of touching your breasts? Jérémie asked.

— With pleasure, help yourself! Sabine answered.

He stood by her side and unhooked her bodice, revealing two firm and voluptuous shapes. While Jérémie teased her, she didn't give up the pleasure of enjoying her lobster and, with her fork, took a piece and brought it delicately to her lips, accidentally dropping some mayonnaise on her chest.

Jérémie cried out in mock dismay and knelt down to retrieve the sauce with his tongue. Chris, sitting next to Sabine, took a spoonful of mayonnaise and spread it over her breasts. Jérémie thanked him warmly for his generosity and took the opportunity to taste her skin, as she became increasingly responsive to his touch.

3- Sabine’s Quest for Truth

Cleaning accomplished and barely back on her feet, Sabine seized his strength between her lips, welcoming it greedily. This scene excited me terribly, and I brought Dany, his sidekick, between me and Sandy, taking advantage of the same physical benefits Jérémie offered. We both took turns so that his presence would be in peak form. Jérémie let out a hoarse, muffled groan as Sabine absorbed the essence offered to her.

"With the lobster, it was absolutely divine!" Sabine concluded, doubled over with laughter.

Dany's strength, unable to remain indifferent to the scene, suddenly swelled, preparing us both to receive his

gift, mutually delighting between our lips in each release he offered us, ending the interlude with a deep and languid kiss.

"Well, with you my friends, one can say we are in no danger of getting bored," Chris concluded, dying of laughter.

The meal finished and slightly tipsy from the champagne, the three of us went back on a conquest through the club, Chris having wished to navigate solo. We found ourselves in a dark room where we hadn't been yet. A large screen projected a film of discipline while a few bound female customers gave themselves over to their favorite pleasures under the eye of the "Mistress."

"Do you like this kind of play?" Sandy asked me. "I think it’s exactly the spice I dream of in life and that I don't have, at least not yet," I retorted. "Come! I’m going to introduce you to Myriam; she is very gentle and attentive to your desires, and very psychological as well."

I quickly found myself secured to a harness, submitted to Myriam's authority, on my knees, my head immobilized facing the assembly, and my curves raised and arched. Myriam asked me increasingly intimate and indiscreet questions, forcing my answers with repetitive and increasingly stinging lashes of the crop. Each lash reminded me of my childhood memories and the thrill I felt. I found myself humbled, deeply feeling this need.

Right in front of me, I saw Sabine lying on one man and joined by another, looking at me with deep desire. Sandy came before me and kissed me greedily before offering me her own beauty, while the whip snapped, forcing me to apply myself as best as possible. Myriam finally offered her "blonde with the reddened skin" to the assembly. I felt hands from all sides exploring my body and my intimacy, warm sources pouring over my lower back and my face.

I felt myself joined from both sides without being able to move, just submitting in a subtle joy. Suspended by my hands and feet, I was turned onto my back, this time offering my body from the front. I watched with unprecedented excitement as these women came to take advantage of my body by satisfying their

fantasies, while their partners flooded my mouth and chest.

On the way back, driving quietly, Sabine and I evoked the highlights we went through during that evening.

"Thanks to you, I discovered my true personality; I don't know how to thank you for opening my eyes, I feel like a different woman now." "The main thing is that you had a good time; as for your discovery, it was your nature playing hide-and-seek with the world around you." "In any case, my darling, I dreamed of taking your place tonight, feeling the fire of the crop on my skin, I feel that need too." "For me, I discovered that my impulses answered a vital need, probably due to the treatment my father inflicted on me when I was a kid. I love

tenderness and softness, but I must compensate for it one way or another. With Marc, I seek conflict but I don't find it; I can't seem to unleash his anger..." "Maybe you should be unfaithful and let him know, triggering that anger?" "I don't know how to go about it; men are very particular!" "Me, I'd like to be a fly on the wall to see my guy with another girl without him seeing me." "Oh, that's easy! You 'forget' something at home and ask him to come by and pick it up!"

— Do you think we could set up this game together?

— No problem, whenever you want!

Once we arrived home, we both took our showers, erasing the last traces of the

night, then we lay on the bed, savoring our exploits through the amorous romps we shared without the slightest taboo.

— Seeing Frank with you became my fantasy tonight; I can't stop thinking about it, a way for me to discover his hidden side.

— Here is what we're going to do: you're going to leave your phone here, asking him to come and get it. When he comes, you'll hide here in the bedroom, in the large wardrobe facing the bed, where you can breathe and see everything that happens without any problem.

— Wow! Your plan is brilliant; I'm all excited just thinking about it...

4- The Voyeur and the Prey

A few days passed; Frank had returned from his trip without paying any particular attention to his wife.

— Darling, I stopped by to see Kely yesterday afternoon and I just realized my cell phone was left at her place. I can't go now because I have an important meeting in Paris and I have to fly. You'd be a sweetheart to stop by her place and pick it up!

— Okay, I'll take a shower and head over to your friend's place! he said. Is she even there?

— Yes, she told me she’d be home between 12 and 3 PM.

Sabine drove off, but not to her meeting in Paris; she went to join me instead. Upon her arrival, I took the precaution of having her park her car in the house's closed garage. Between two cuddles, I took advantage of the coffee break to explain the plan's layout.

— I've made space behind the left door; go barefoot to avoid any noise, and stay hidden until he leaves.

— Wow! What a panoramic view, it’s fabulous, as if I were right in the room!
— Good! In the meantime, I'm going to put on an alluring outfit to provoke temptation.

— Since he’s often been focused on you, I don't think tempting him will be very complicated!

— You're right, actually! I just saw his car pass outside; he didn't waste any time!

— The gate is buzzing! Go on, disappear from my sight, I said with a complicit laugh.

I welcomed Frank with a wide, radiant smile which he returned, looking me up and down from head to toe.

— What a pleasure to see you, Kely, it’s been ages since we last saw each other!
— For me, it’s always a pleasure to see a handsome man like you! Even if you are my friend's husband! Shall I make you a coffee?

— Yes, with great pleasure, thank you, you're a sweetheart!

— Here! You take the tray because I have to finish getting ready; you just have to follow me, and don't spill!

I went back and forth from the bedroom to the bathroom, while he sat in the armchair, constantly watching me greedily.

— You are truly splendid in that outfit; you exude an eroticism and sensuality that tickles my emotions!

— Yes, but you see, I don't like this top; I don't feel like wearing it after all. Here! Pass me the one next to you on the table.

Without paying attention and in a natural way, I unbuttoned my blouse, letting it

fall to the floor while putting on the one he handed me.

— Ah! This one is better, isn't it? What do you think?

— Faced with the sight of your bust, I no longer have eyes for the blouse! It's sheer, I love transparency!

— They are beautiful and very firm, and I love exhibiting them!

— Could I check their firmness? he asked in a melodic voice.

— Well now! You’re quite the naughty one! If your wife knew...

— She’s adorable, but eating the same meal your whole life without changing

the flavor gets tiresome... he retorted, placing his hand on my skin.

— Hum, maybe it's up to you to prepare the spice! No?

— To start with, you'd have to taste it! he said, leaning toward my chest.

This double game excited me terribly, knowing that Sabine's eyes were fixed on me on one hand, and on the other, because her man, whom she was handing over to me as prey, was not indifferent to me at all. My senses were heightened; I felt a wave of heat fill my stomach, a sensation that the woman in her closet must have been feeling as well. I knelt down, loosened his clothes, and released his powerful strength, settling into a

position where Sabine could observe every detail of our actions.

— Sabine should be delighted to have a husband equipped with such a fine mount! I retorted, stroking his long shaft. — Hmmm, if you only knew how long I have wanted you!

Frank slid my skirt to the floor, removed my lace, and placed his lips on my skin. He flipped me onto the bed while joining me with his beautiful, gleaming strength. In a sustained back-and-forth movement, I added, my gaze fixed on the wardrobe door:

— Hmmm, I imagine the three of us lying on a bed, with them taking you in turn... how good it feels!... I'm certain Sabine is a real naughty one...

— Hmm... I wish so much she were like you, so open and available, lending herself to every game!

He turned me over and took me from behind, moving like an enraged force, then delicately entered my most private circle, which I offered him generously. I couldn't stop thinking about Sabine, savoring every image of the scene with a knot in her lower belly close to exploding... I could feel Frank's animal intensity rising within him, his hands striking my curves harder and harder.

— Hummm, don't stop, I love it! Faster, go for it! I ordered while swaying my hips under the blows.

He spoke to me with raw words, terms that weren't insults to me at all but a true

reflection of who I was. I felt him reach his peak, the perfect moment for me to turn around and welcome his strength between my lips to catch the tsunami of his essence.

Happy to have shared a very hot moment together, he thanked me for this unexpected welcome, took Sabine's phone, and disappeared. The time had come for me to release Sabine from her prison. Sabine appeared to me, perspiring, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, her blouse unbuttoned.

— What a man! I've finally unmasked him! I couldn't take it anymore; I was as revolted as I was excited! she cried out, taking me in her arms.

— He only did what you did a few days ago, my little darling!

— If I told you I had the time of my life... Captive, watching and submitting, I couldn't stop touching myself, going from one release to another. Touch me, look, I'm soaked.

I laid Sabine on the bed, verifying her claims for myself, soothing her senses through the fullness of her moans.

— Darling, I want more and I want it now, Sabine insisted. Take your belt and strike me.

— You know what you have to do! I told her while she was on her knees at the edge of the bed.

— I'm going to give myself to the first man that comes along and the next, non-stop! I'm going to drive him crazy over me!

— That's a very good idea, I retorted, stinging her skin, you'll have to return in the early morning, your skin marked, showing him the remains of your nightly pleasures!

— Oh yes! I'm going to do it, I swear to you...

— Then we'll invite him to the club with Marc, just to throw the truth in his face.
— Hmmm, you're making me reach such a peak, darling, harder! I want to surrender to nothing but pleasure.

— We are both the same, and we'll enjoy ourselves as much as they'll suffer!

After these intense emotions, we both talked over an improvised lunch by the pool. To go along with her resolve, I made a suggestion.

— If you want to impress Frank and come back well-marked, I know a very private little circle where you can indulge in your wildest games and fantasies. If you're into it, we should go quite late at night, so you get home around five in the morning...

— I'm in, and maybe we could plan a first part of the program for the night? What do you think?

— Yes, but we need ideas, suggestions that match your most intimate desires! — I’d like to face the unexpected, real

life, men driven by desire, strangers, submitting to a roleplay.

— Hum, you're going far, my darling, to the very edge of danger, because you never know who you'll run into!

— True, you're right, it's a fantasy and will remain just a fantasy.

— Not necessarily! Let me think a bit; I'm going to call a very "in-the-know" friend.

I contacted Sandy, giving her a quick rundown to see if any good ideas came of it. She had a friend who owned a very reputable boutique in the region, occasionally organizing ultra-private evenings at the request of couples or women seeking sensation. He met the demand by hand-picking the number and

quality of partners based on the parameters he was given. She gave me his contact details, promising to call him right away and asking me to get in touch with him directly afterward.

After a short discussion with Sandy's friend, he confirmed it was feasible but wanted to meet me beforehand if possible. I went back to Sabine.

— So, do you have good news? Sabine asked.

— I think we can arrange something, but first, you have to let me in on your fantasies; then, with my magic wand, we could probably settle everything... The first thing is to tell me the kind of partners you want to meet, their physique, their origins, their

particularities, and the games you want to submit to... I know a few, and others I can guess, but you have to help me!

— I'd like to be in an unusual place, frequented by men looking for a very short adventure without any talk, just acts.

— Okay, so let's say for a start: in a boutique at closing time, you find yourself alone in a projection booth... Would that suit you?

— Hmmm, I love it! The darkness, the film, barely seeing my predator, just feeling him... I'd need about ten, is that too many? Tall, built, and especially well-endowed by nature, and why not two or three men of color, all parading

one after another, and ending up bound like you were the other day...

— Okay, let me handle it, and above all, not a word or any hint to Frank. Ideally, I'll be the one to pick you up at your place.

Sabine headed back home, her heart and mind heavy with emotion. I immediately called Sandy's friend back, confirming I'd come around 9 PM to finalize the scenario. Cyril was a tall, handsome guy in his early thirties, very friendly and calm. While talking with him, I realized all the experience someone in his profession could acquire. He told me about some very astonishing events, bordering on the unbelievable. What I was asking of him was classic for him, almost mundane.

He had a large database consisting mainly of men and couples devoted to this kind of encounter. Together, we had to go through the photographic files to choose the suitors from very explicit photos and details.

— I never would have thought so many people would be gathered in such a file, it's unheard of!

— You have no idea how many human beings, men and women alike, are focused on these desires!

— Wow, I even see some very beautiful couples in your file here!

— There are a few with whom we've had fantastic evenings! And what does your friend look like physically?

— I have some recent photos taken a few days ago in a club...

— Wow! The young lady is a knockout! And you too, for that matter, from what I can see in the photo, you don't let anything go to waste! he said, bursting out laughing.

— Oh no! I take the whole lot! I retorted.

— For the discipline side of things, we have a fully equipped room in the basement; in fact, I'll give you a tour. I'm just closing up the shop and I'm all yours.

We went down to the basement, and I found myself in a voluptuously decorated room, possessing every

imaginable piece of equipment to satisfy any penitent creature.

— I'll show you the booth I'm planning to give her tomorrow. It's spacious, and you can sit or even lie down if necessary.
— And what about the films?

— I can set up a mix of discipline and shared pleasure; it's the best way to keep her excitement at its peak. Do you want to see?

— I'm curious by nature, yes!

He entered a code on his wall keypad, and the film began moments later. I knelt on the small bench, leaning forward, contemplating the high-quality scenes.

— You don't easily find these kinds of films in stores, do you?

— This one is a private production of real scenes shot by very beautiful girls, in which I also perform, he said, laughing.

— Ah! So you're an actor too?

— In my spare time, yes...

— Oh yes! I see you appearing now, wow, what a powerful presence, it's exciting me terribly!

— Do you like it? he said, letting his hand slide over my curves.

— To be honest, I won't lie to you, I'd like to take the young lady's place.

He lifted my short skirt, pushed my lace aside, and came into contact with my intimacy.

— Hum... I get the impression this film is having a spectacular effect on you! he said with a naughty air.

— Watching you on the screen, and knowing you are inside me, you're making me reach a peak like crazy...

— You're going to see me take Christine from behind now, he announced.

— Hmmmm… And what a deep connection! — I'm going to synchronize your vision of the scene with your own senses now.

I quickly understood the meaning of his words when I felt him disengage and re-engage in another way, so that my vision was not just virtual, but could be felt deeply within me. This unusual scene

plunged me into extreme pleasure before I felt a burning release submerge me.

I left the place, thanking him for his very warm welcome, hoping to have the chance to continue our exchanges the following day...

5- A Night of Intoxication

According to our agreement, I showed up at the meeting point near Sabine's home where she was waiting for me.

— You look gorgeous tonight, sweetie! I told her.

— And when you see my real outfit hidden under my clothes, you'll be dreaming! she retorted, laughing.

— What reason did you give him for going out tonight?

— Oh, not much, a night out with work colleagues, period.

— We'll eat a little something before leaving and then we'll go.

— Lots of activities tonight, a two-part program! I'm starving.

Sabine wore a black slit skirt that came off with extreme ease. She confided that underneath, ultra-tight leather shorts

covered her lace, while her bust under her jacket was just veiled. We arrived as planned at the boutique's closing, shortly before 10 PM. Sabine took off her skirt in the car and we both entered.

A few customers were there, watching us pass. My friend Cyril came to us without delay and settled us in his office while he proceeded to close up. I left Sabine alone for a few minutes to find Cyril, who explained his plan.

— I'm going to set you both up in the booth; you start watching the film and I'll send you the first guest. When one leaves, the second enters, and so on. You, you'll be her assistant, he said, laughing. Then, we'll all meet downstairs to get acquainted, okay?

— Sounds like a plan!

We returned to his office; Cyril complimented Sabine on her beauty.

— Your shorts suit you perfectly, Sabine; I don't think you'll keep them on for very long, he said, laughing. Come on, I'll take you there!

We entered the red-walled booth, lit only by the video screen and a tiny nightlight.

— Hmmm... It feels good here, doesn't it? Sabine declared. I feel comfortable. — Then it's a shared pleasure! You can stay on your knees on the bench or lie down, whatever you prefer.

— Tell me, do I stay dressed? I mean, do I keep my shorts on or start by taking them off?

— In my humble opinion, stay in your silk, it'll be more inviting. I think it's best if you watch the film with me, kneeling on your comfortable bench. Then, if you want to vary the positions, it's up to you!

— And you, you're my assistant?

— Your all-purpose companion if you want! I retorted, laughing.

The projection began, and I was convinced that this film would set her senses on fire.

— Oh! Look at that guy... isn't that Cyril acting in it?

— Yes, it's him; I saw the sequence with him yesterday!

Someone knocked on the door. Without a word, the man approached her and stroked her curves while looking at me. I assisted him in preparing for the encounter before he took possession of Sabine. I saw a wordless story unfold, only perceiving Sabine's moans against the background of the film. Holding her firmly by the hips, he accelerated the pace before reaching his release on her skin. He then disappeared.

— So, how are you doing, darling?

— Great! A real dream! she said.

The second one entered, ready and eager, and dived directly onto Sabine, joining her with all his might. He finished quickly, leaving his mark. I ran my hand over Sabine's warmed intimacy with

unspeakable pleasure. The third one followed the same movement.

The fifth, a handsome young man of color, proudly showed me his strength, which he immediately shared, causing Sabine a few jolts of pleasure as she invited her suitor to take her even more firmly. He didn't resist for long and turned toward me, his essence reaching me. The others followed one after another, provoking an undisguised frenzy in Sabine.

— My darling, I'm in heaven; I never thought it possible to one day do what I'm doing now!

The last person to enter was Cyril, who was the first to speak.

— Sabine, I’m the eleventh, and I couldn't resist coming to visit you too. — But I was waiting for you! After seeing you in that film, I wanted you to come see me! she said without turning around.

— I'll take care of him for a few moments and then give him to you, darling, I said to Sabine.

After welcoming him, I guided him to his place, moved by his steady back-and-forth thrusts. Knowing Cyril liked a variety of pleasures, I guided his strength toward her deeper secrets. Sabine let out a soft cry of relief before letting her pleasure wash over her. When the final release came, Sabine warmly thanked Cyril for this improvised evening.

— The pleasure was all ours, Sabine! Now we're going downstairs to toast in your honor; there are a few bottles of champagne waiting for your arrival!

Sabine pulled on her shorts, took me by the hand with a kiss, and we went down to the room of festivities. When she entered, she was surprised to find her ten guests gathered together, all naked, waiting impatiently for her arrival. She burst out laughing at the surprise. She was handed a glass, and they all toasted in her honor.

— Since you're all here like this, I think I'll take off my shorts and blouse, it’s more practical!

— I think I'll finally do the same as you, I told Sabine, laughing.

I shed my clothes while Sabine and I, lying on the padded table, embraced each other in a burning hold.

— My friends, she said, drinking another glass, you see before you a well of pleasures; so fill it!

I gave her my spot as she placed her feet in the stirrups at the end of the table, positioning her intimacy right at the edge. To kick off the evening, I leaned between her thighs, offering my silhouette for all to see. Hands immediately took possession of me, while I focused on Sabine to bring her relief, only ending up increasing the intensity of the moment.

We found ourselves besieged from all sides, taken in every direction and from

every angle. The men leaned into her generous offer, which they absolutely wanted to honor. I found myself lying down, joined by a handsome male while Cyril discreetly placed himself behind me, moving with vigor, exploring me to the depths of my core. Sabine was under a warm shower of essence coating her glowing chest; our makeup needed a total do-over...

After a few glasses of champagne and some treats for the hungriest, we went to the center's bathroom to fix our faces for program no. 2. In the car, I asked Sabine for her impressions of this early part of the evening...

— So, my darling, how are you feeling now?

— I'll tell you, I feel like I've become a real torpedo!

— Yes! A "well of pleasures" as you put it... I loved your expression! I retorted, dying of laughter.

— This incredible feeling of being taken from all sides is inexplicable, but so fantastic!

I drove gently, thinking we were about to get down to serious business. Arriving at a place totally unknown to me left something uncomfortable hovering in my mind. We finally arrived at the address provided, a small chateau lost in the forest, where a number of cars were parked. We were greeted with politeness and respect, but without the slightest smile. The man at the desk asked if we

had been there before. Answering in the negative, he led us to the bar where a tall man, built like a rock, stood, smiling no more than the first. Most of the customers seemed to be in couples, and others arrived behind us.

— What are you ladies drinking?

— Two Gin and Tonics, is that possible?
— Of course! Which of you are we to honor tonight, or is it both of you? asked this talking tombstone.

— My friend Sabine and I are drawn to more intense trends and wanted to have a deeper experience.

He made a sign, and two handsome boys, accompanied by a very seductive woman dressed in leather from head to toe, placed themselves beside Sabine.

The two men delicately unbuttoned her blouse, exposing her bust, each taking one to admire at length. Sabine looked at me strangely, wondering what was going to happen to her. The young woman approached her and put a leather collar around her neck, attached to a leash.

— I'm Linda! Don't worry, everything will happen gently! she said, kissing her. Here, you just have to obey, but we do nothing without your consent! she continued with a slight, warm, friendly smile.

— What should I do? Sabine asked.

— You stand up and say nothing.

Sabine understood immediately that these airs matched the establishment's

standards. Linda ran her hand along her skin, testing her readiness.

— You are perfect tonight! Come with us.

I saw Sabine leave under escort, finding herself kneeling before her two bodyguards, responding to their commands. Another very attractive man came to sit beside me; he was a client accompanied by his wife.

— Good evening! My name is Patrick, I'm a regular at the club, and you?

— Kely, it's my first time here! I replied with a smile.

— You are welcome! Don't worry about the "show" put on for new clients; it's house policy, have no fear!

— I was slightly worried when I saw my friend leave with those three people... but apparently, they are only doing her good!

— Linda will take care of her; she's very competent in surrender, for that is the first rule! Come with me, I'll introduce you to my wife.

We found ourselves in a solitary alcove, allowing me to observe Sabine out of the corner of my eye.

— Eva, I'd like you to meet Kely! he said jovially.

— Pleased to meet you, Kely.

His wife was also very attractive and sensual, about 35 years old, with a very dominant air.

— Don't tell me anything; let me guess the motivations that drive you to come here seeking what you can't find elsewhere.

— But how can you know all that, Eva? I haven't said a word yet! I retorted, surprised and laughing.

— You don't need to say it; it’s written on your beautiful face! she replied, caressing my skin. You are very seductive; your eyes are wonderfully deep, I like them very much.

— I like you a lot too!

— Come here and sit between my legs.

— Are these things done here? I asked.
— Here, you just do what I order you to do! she replied curtly.

I saw myself indeed in good hands, even if the appearance seemed different from my usual approaches. The fact of accepting her request perfectly justified what she had detected in me! I placed myself on the floor, my head between her legs, feeling her hands stroke my hair. Raising her skirt, she took me by the hair with one hand and pulled me firmly toward her. I found myself without resistance, letting myself be guided instinctively by my senses.

— Now, my husband is standing very close to you; you are going to take good care of him while I watch you, my dear little one.

I complied like a robot, seeking something I had been waiting for. She

took me by the hair again and cleared my mouth.

— How do you find it?

— Hum... Delicious! — Now, speed it up! she told me, striking me while pushing my head back onto what I was tasting.

With her hand gripping my hair, she set the pace, forcing my back-and-forth motion. I felt her hand grab the tips of my breasts, pinching them very hard while ordering me to go even deeper. Following her command, I understood I had to take it further, and I received another sharp reminder.

Continuing her steady rhythm, I felt the man was at his breaking point. She spoke to me in a languid, soft voice,

warning me to go all the way without failing. I felt a powerful discharge flood me, which I hurried to welcome. She took me by the hair again, drawing me toward her face.

Voici la conclusion de ce chapitre, traitée avec la même attention pour capturer l'essence de cette libération intérieure et l'intensité des sensations partagées.

— So, do you like this experience?

— I confess it feels good... you know me so well!

— Kiss me deeply.

She signaled Linda to come and get me so I could rejoin Sabine. I saw her, positioned firmly, her skin glowing with

a scarlet hue. She was surrender personified, while guests moved before her in a silent parade of desire. I asked Linda if Sabine was feeling okay.

— Contrary to appearances, she feels wonderfully well and wishes to continue her experience, Linda confided.

— It's something she wanted to experience! I replied.

— It's a way for many to release their daily sufferings; we are far beyond the context of a mere game, believe me...

— I'm more and more convinced of that, I affirmed.

— You were with Eva, that's a beautiful experience for you; they are a lovely couple! Eva is splendid and hides a great

heart beneath her shell. Don't lose sight of her!

— Linda, one more detail: it is imperative that marks remain on her skin until tomorrow morning...

— Message received, Linda replied with a discreet smile.

I headed back to the alcove where Eva and her husband were, a discreet, intimate spot away from the crowd. She watched me walk toward her with a smile; her personality intrigued me greatly. Approaching her, I noticed the riding crop she held in her hands.

— So, tell me, how is your friend? she asked, brushing the inside of my thighs with her crop.

— Hmmm... Apparently, according to Linda, she's doing very well, I retorted with a smile.

As she spoke to me, I felt the gentle back-and-forth of the crop along my legs, sending a shiver through me.

— Turn around! she commanded.

— Like this?

— Yes, that's perfect!

I complied without a word, waiting for what she had in store.

— Hmmm... The curve of your legs is absolutely magnificent, she said calmly, trailing her crop over them.

Suddenly, I felt the sting of the crop on my skin.

— Humm... That feels good! I couldn't help but reply.

— You are insolent! I didn't ask you to answer me.

In response, I felt the crop reach me a second time.

— Now, you are going to count out loud with me every stroke I inflict on you. We begin: One...

This time, the sharp sensation made itself felt, and I repeated: "One... Two... Three." She made me kneel. "Four... Five... Six," the strikes arriving with more conviction. I felt a heat flood me, a deep desire invading my whole body. With every movement, I felt increasingly aligned with her will.

"Should I continue, Kely?" I made sure not to answer, savoring the tingling sensation circulating over my skin.

— Do you know the proverb: "Silence gives consent"?

— Yes! I know it, and I consent, I said in a pleading voice.

While calling out the numbers for her, I felt each subsequent stroke with increasing intensity, moaning under the pleasure of the sting.

— I am your outlet, the one giving birth to new senses, a new perception of yourself, a kind of liberation.

— Yes, you are my outlet, I said, counting "Ten."

— Come sit beside me now.

I took my place next to her. Eva took me by the neck and kissed me tenderly, sliding her lips over my skin. She was as emotionally tender as her dominant side was relentless. Her kisses continued their path, and I exploded into an unimaginable peak where fulfillment and intensity merged.

— You are fabulous, Eva; I feel liberated from a heavy burden!

— Yes, you've freed yourself from the attachments that were weighing you down. It's not over, but it's a good start! she said in her soft, charming voice.

— There's Sabine finally coming back! I said, relieved.

— I'll leave you two to exchange experiences. You have my contact info; don't hesitate to reach out whenever you want, I'll always be there for you.

Sabine showed a positive, smiling attitude like never before. She exhibited herself before me, showing with a certain pride the marks that justified her joy.

— Wow! You are seriously marked, I told her, surprised.

— It stings a bit, but it's nothing compared to the well-being I feel right now. It's magic, I feel light, as if I'm in another dimension.

— I had an experience somewhat similar to yours tonight. After the initial apprehension, I let myself go with Eva. I

feel the same sensations you did, the feeling of being freed from something. — Yes, that’s it! Exactly! Freed from a weight...

6- The Frenzy of the Great Reveal

I drove toward Sabine's home; it was very late. Despite our experience of a completely different order, I recommended she go to bed as she was, to provoke a reaction from Frank.

— Over these last few days, you've managed to turn me into a completely different woman. Tonight's experience enchanted me. I've never known such well-being in my entire life, darling!

— We're at your place! I'll drop you at the corner, and above all, don't forget the instructions!

— I'll call you later without fail!

— Or stop by directly, it's nicer!

I left Sabine to her fate, curious to know the rest of her adventures, and especially her husband's reaction. Sabine had returned without making a sound and went to bed discreetly. Frank, having waited for her for a long time, must have been exhausted and was fast asleep. This Saturday morning around 10 AM, Frank

noticed Sabine's presence beside him and felt reassured.

He lightly pushed the sheet aside and ran a caressing hand over her body. With shock, he saw the presence of red marks on her lower back. Thinking he was barely awake or the victim of an optical illusion, he pulled the sheet further back, discovering that her skin was streaked with traces of the night. From the friction of the sheet, Sabine rolled onto her back, eyes closed, still drifting in her sweet and voluptuous thoughts. She spread her arm, unintentionally inviting her husband to draw closer.

— Sabine, honey! It's me! Are you sleeping?

— Mmmh... Yes... It’s good to sleep...

— Where were you last night?

— Mmmh-Mmmh, I was with some friends...

— But you, what did you do?

— Mmmh... A great evening...

He brought his nose close to her, smelling unusual scents on her skin. Sabine hadn't found the strength to take a shower before going to bed. Frank was overcome with uncontrollable nervousness, while Sabine continued her dream. He waited a little longer before waking her and made himself a coffee, his brain racing as he chain-smoked.

After about an hour, he returned to the bedroom and hovered over her, covering her with small kisses. Sabine, slowly

starting to emerge, wrapped her arms around his neck with her eyes closed.

— Honey! Are you waking up? he said softly.

— Mmmh... Yes... What time is it?

— It's almost noon already!

— Oh! It's late, she said through the clouds of sleep.

— Tell me, how was your evening yesterday, was it good? he said, continuing his kisses...

— Mmmh... Super nice... What a blast!

Sabine was slowly coming to, simulating a slow exit from a deep sleep, but she was precisely controlling every word she spoke. As he rolled onto his side, she

turned onto her stomach, kicking away the sheet and clearly showcasing her pronounced marks. Frank positioned himself above her, conducting a veritable autopsy.

— But what are all these marks you have back there?

— Me? Marks? Where? she said softly, mumbling into her pillow.

— Sabine, I must be dreaming! It's impossible! Where do these red marks come from?

— Hmmm... A divine evening among friends! she let slip while turning back onto her back, arms spread wide and eyes closed.

— Tell me, please, I want to know what you did last night!

— My little darling, do I ask you what you do with your life?

— But I am your husband and I have the right to know what my wife is doing alone in the middle of the night, don't I?
— My love, have you even once told me what you were doing out there?

— Uh... Uh... That’s not the point!

Frank was becoming a real lion; Sabine had never seen him so overexcited, totally unbalanced by what he was perceiving. He rushed onto the bed, sniffing her this time like a predator scenting its prey. He smelled the mixture of scents dominated by the presence of jasmine. Moving up to her chest and

neck, he felt traces of a much more human origin. He turned her over roughly and continued his inspection, discovering the dominance of jasmine in her most private curves. Jasmine was the scent base of the gel Linda had used. He no longer had the slightest doubt about his wife's nocturnal activities.

— I found all the physical evidence on your neck and on your skin! Don't lie to me! You surrender yourself like a little slut!

Sabine burst out laughing, unable to control her hilarity.

— Maybe you're right, maybe not! Who knows?

— You know perfectly well! Give me the name of the one who was with you,

right now! he said, pacing nervously and naked around the room.

— My treasure, do you want us to play the game of truth? You'll only be allowed one mistake. It's confession for confession, okay?

— Okay, I accept the deal, I swear, he said nervously.

— You're going to start by telling me the name of the last girl you were with, and be careful! At the slightest mistake, I'll become silent forever, like a vault.

— Okay, okay... I accept. Uh... The last one was a friend.

— Good! That's a good start! And the rest?

— Uh... When I went to get your phone.
— Hmmm... Nice! I envy you; she was a good choice!

— Okay, your turn, tell me his name now! he pleaded.

He had just delivered the truth, having been witnessed by her; for Sabine, it was a token of his sincerity.

— His name? That’s quite hard to say; you should rather ask me for "their names"!

Sabine took inward pleasure in savoring her revenge, destroying her husband's ego brick by brick.

— Huh!? Because there were several of them, is that it? he said, overcome by an intense rage.

— Give me the names of the last five girls you cornered, here or elsewhere, Sabine commanded.

Frank decided to empty his bag, and the list was long! He didn't stop at listing the last five, but also his usual mistresses.

— There, I've told you everything! Your turn now.

— I was with about ten handsome males, one after another, let's say, in a row.

— That's not true, I don't believe you... It's not possible, he said, looking haggard and dejected.

Voici la conclusion de ce chapitre, marquant le basculement définitif du pouvoir au sein des deux couples.

— Oh! But that was only the beginning, she said, laughing, contemplating him with compassion.

— Ah... Because it's not over?

— But look at you! It’s been a long time since I’ve seen you with such a hard-on! What’s happening to you?

— You’re driving me crazy, that’s all...
— Then come close to me so I can tell you the rest! she ordered, amused.

Sabine detailed her adventures, Part 1 and Part 2, without naming her secret joker. Frank, working her over like he never had before, was going out of his mind. Unbeknownst to him, Sabine had just become the dominant one in the relationship.

— I've just realized something today. The complicity between two people is the most beautiful thing a couple can experience, he declared solemnly.

— I want you to know one thing, Frank: from this day on, I go where I want and I do what I want with whom I want. It's take it or leave it, and I'll respect your choice.

— Okay, I'll take it.

— Good, I'm going to pay a little visit to Kely now!

— Oh my God, please, whatever you do, don't tell her anything I told you!

— Of course not! I'm not an idiot!

Sabine arrived at my place, struggling to keep a straight face. We went to the bedroom and, both lying on the bed, she began between kisses the account of her latest adventures. Both of us laughing out loud, I had a hard time catching my breath.

— Jokes aside, your relationship has just taken a giant leap!

— Now we'll have to maintain this complicity!

— When Marc gets back from his trip, we'll arrange a little double date, a great opportunity!

— Say, let me see that... Turn around a bit. I was so excited to see you I hadn't noticed, but you have some serious

marks on your backside! Was it Eva who did that?

— It could only be her, but I admit I haven't even looked at myself today...

I stood in front of my full-length mirror to see the damage: there were some very distinct imprints!

— Besides, since Marc is coming home tonight, you're going to face some questions, I think... Maybe it's the perfect chance to pick the fight you've been dreaming of, right? Sabine suggested, doubled over with laughter.
— It might not be a bad idea after all... I think I'll try! Opportunities with him are so rare; this might be the one!

— It'll be your turn to tell me all about it! Since you both share the same

outlook, exposing the truth should send him over the edge!

7- The Provocative Lie

I had prepared myself for Marc's return. Whenever he was away for a few days, he would pounce on me as soon as he got back, eager to share his adventures. Tonight, I was going to lie to him intentionally, hoping to provoke a level of intensity in the man I loved that would lead him toward a new kind of authority.

He arrived around 10 PM with a broad smile and took me in his arms. I was wearing an extremely light outfit and, after his shower, he joined me on the bed with his usual greed. Lifting the small scrap of fabric serving as my skirt, I noticed a sudden halt in his momentum.

— What are these marks? he asked, his voice deceptively calm.

— What marks, darling? I said, feigning surprise.

— Listen, don't take me for a fool! I can clearly see the traces on your skin.

— Well... I don't see how!

— Fine! Stand up; I want to see everything.

I stood up, removing my top and thong, turning slowly in place. It was the first time I had ever seen him truly angry. He left for a few seconds and returned with a black riding crop, the one he used for horseback riding.

— These lines are unmistakable. Your skin bears the imprint of a very specific discipline.

— Honestly, that's nonsense... You're imagining things.

I was convinced that lying in the face of such evidence would shatter his composure. Once I started, I couldn't stop the game. In the meantime, I had hidden a short letter explaining my approach, so as not to permanently break the trust between us.

— You want to play this game? Fine! Let's have some fun, he said with contained fury.

He lashed my skin several times with the crop, a sensation very similar to the one inflicted by Eva.

— See? I'm making the exact same marks! How could you have these without realizing it? Explain it to me!

— Sorry, I have nothing more to tell you.

His anger provoked a formidable pleasure in me; I had to push him to his extremes. He went to his closet and returned with a long rope.

— Since you seem to be taking your pleasures from surrender, I'm going to serve you!

He grabbed me firmly, forcing me to my knees, then tied my wrists behind my back and bound my feet. I could no longer move.

— Maybe someone was with me while I was sleeping, huh? I taunted.

He wrapped the rope around my shoulders and chest, tying very tight knots that restricted my movements. He placed me in the corner of the room; I found myself standing there like a captive. He went downstairs to pour himself a whisky and came back up a bit later. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he asked again:

— I’m still waiting for your answer! — I can’t tell you anything, that’s all.

Rage took hold of him. He moved me onto the thick carpet and tipped me forward. I found myself with my head pressed to the floor, unable to move; only the curve of my lower back was at his mercy. With the tip of his crop, he counted the marks.

— I see five distinct marks. For them to be like that, you must have been in a similar position, right? So, I’m going to add a sixth!

I felt the crop crack against my skin. I didn't stop him, savoring the sting. I felt the seventh fall just as sharply, letting out a faint moan of satisfaction.

— In this position, you're not bad at all! If the others enjoyed it, I don't see why I couldn't do the same!

Leaving his crop on the bed, he positioned himself behind me. He saw that I was not at all indifferent to his punishment. I felt his strength enter me without shame, as he spoke to me with a raw authority I had never known. He used his hands now, striking my skin harder and harder. I was going wild: thanks to Eva, my plan had worked! I was on the verge of a peak when he said:

— This must bring back memories of the night, huh? — Yes... Many memories! I confessed under the weight of his hands. — I'm waiting for the rest, hurry up!

— There were several of them...

— We’re getting there!

I suddenly felt his trajectory change; I was literally exploding when his intensity reached its height, accompanied by his sharp slaps.

— I spent one of the best nights of my life, taken in every way before being initiated into submission. I wanted to use the marks to provoke the reaction I’ve been waiting for, and it worked. You make me happy tonight.

I felt him become bestial, accelerating his pace, marking my skin further. I could no longer hold back and cried out in happiness as I felt his warmth flood me. A few seconds later, I told him where to find the note I’d written.

— My God, it's not possible! he said, reaching to free me.

— No, don't touch me, leave me like this, I’m fine.

— But why didn't we talk about this?

— I had to make you explode. These things are hard to explain: telling the one you love that his kindness isn't always enough. Sometimes I need to feel you hard and firm with me, to be just an object you use.

— I understand. I’ll modify your restraints so you can at least move around on a leash, alright?

— Perfectly alright.

His phone interrupted us. It was his friend Philippe. He continued the conversation standing up, his foot resting on my lower back. They had agreed to have a drink. Philippe was stopping by, even late...

— It’s the unexpected moments that make the best stories! Philippe is coming over. You remember him?

— Yes, I know him very well...

— Don't worry, he won't be surprised! Come on, I’m taking you to the living room.

I moved at my master's feet, and he settled me on the floor next to the armchair. The gate buzzed, and Marc went to open it. I was in a state of total trance. They exchanged a few words

before returning. Philippe paid no attention to my state. Marc poured two whiskies while Philippe sat in the chair next to me. They discussed his trip and a woman Marc had met. I was treated to every juicy detail while remaining at their feet.

While talking, Philippe let his hand fall onto my lower back and slid his fingers toward my intimacy. He listened with delight to the details of the night Marc had spent. His fingers explored me, first on one side, then the other. I stayed there without flinching, containing an explosive pleasure that grew with every movement.

— Do you have anything planned tonight?

— Not really. Sally went off with her friends. It was the perfect chance for some peace and quiet. And you?

— Not especially; I have this little one at your feet if you want, if she can distract you...

— Hmmm... I've been sensing her readiness for a while now, and she is very expectant. I should take a closer look!

— The leash is on your side; do as you please! Another whisky?

— With pleasure, yes!

I felt myself pulled by my leash, bringing my neck to the edge of the sofa. I found a prominent presence there that I immediately had to welcome. My

master, guiding me firmly, set the pace. I was allowed a sip of his whisky before returning to the task, the golden liquid mixing with the steady, continuous flow that followed. Marc approached, took the leash, and led his prey onto the sofa.

— Honestly, look! Isn't nature beautiful? he said, exhibiting my intimacy.

— That’s right, and I’m getting to it right now!

I felt Marc's strength enter my volcano, certain that his spear could not contain the fire consuming it. He moved shamelessly and roughly, making me shiver with every stroke.

— It's a real delight, Philippe; I recommend her next!

— I won't need to be told twice! Oh wait, my phone is ringing... "Hey! I'm with a friend in very good company and we can share," he said, laughing into the receiver. "I'll text you the address, see you in a bit!"

I told myself that chance didn't exist, or that it worked out perfectly. I was beginning to glimpse the evening for this captive, which had only just begun.

— Hmmm... I'm changing horizons, Philippe, and diving into the crater! It’s scorching hot in there!

I heard Marc's husky cry before he released himself brutally inside me. I couldn't hold back my emotion and exploded with him. As soon as he withdrew, Philippe took over in the

center of the same volcano. I had a wild urge to scream, but in my role, I held back. I felt Philippe begin his guided tour in turn; the path was already very welcoming.

The doorbell rang: the visitors had arrived. Savoring the intensity I was undergoing and attached to my leash, I saw Philippe's two friends join him. They stood right next to Philippe while he focused on me.

— I'm so glad to see you! Philippe exclaimed.

— Us too! And seeing what you're doing right now is heating up our minds...

— She’s a fine mount; just do as you please!

— While she’s keeping you busy, can we also distract her?

— No need to ask, do it!

The rest followed quickly. One of the newcomers approached my face, which he took in his hands before introducing his impressive weapon. His hands helped me keep the rhythm because his strength was of an imposing size. I observed his excited friend beside him, waiting his turn.

Philippe reached his limit; he let out a cry and flooded the chamber of the volcano. The first guest left his anchor point to take Philippe's place. The second joined him at my lips, his heavy-duty presence distending my jaws.

His hands were necessary to guide me. Marc came to make sure the leash was still securely strapped to my neck. I remained focused on the task assigned to me with the utmost attention. The matter seemed even more intense when Philippe's replacement decided to explore the deeper chambers. He slid into that drenched universe all the way, subjecting me to driving thrusts that quickly increased in tempo. I suddenly felt invaded by a boiling tsunami. My other guest shifted his focus, plunging into the lunar orbit without delay.

There were fleeting pains, stifled by the pleasure coursing through me, as he reached the chamber of molten lava. He then decided to visit the lower floor, creating a sense of emptiness in me as he moved. Marc and Philippe were standing

very close, sharing their comments. Holding the leash tight, Marc asked:

— Is everything alright?

— Almost alright; a space just opened up, I managed to whisper.

No response from them; they continued their conversation. With the fire spreading, my firemen on duty did everything possible to extinguish the flames, though their contributions only served to ignite them further. As a reward, I was given a glass of whisky on the rocks, which I savored with passion.

The situation surpassed even the pleasure I had experienced with Sabine. Finishing my whisky, Philippe grabbed the leash, leading me onto the thick rug. The first visitor was waiting, lying

down. Impaling myself upon him, his partner positioned himself behind me, short-circuiting both entrances to the combustion chamber. This maneuver triggered a gigantic explosion within me.

Faced with the emergency, Marc and Philippe brought their own contributions, which I held in each hand, hoping for a soothing rain. Both chambers were once again copiously flooded; the two streams synchronized, pouring hot jets over the eruption that never ceased to grow.

Exhausted, I remained lying on the rug, trying to regain strength. When I lifted my head, silence had settled; the visitors had vanished. With a certain melancholy, I reclaimed my freedom and headed for the bathroom. It was nearly 4 AM; I was

going to treat myself to a long, well-deserved sleep.

8- Liar, Liar, Pants on Fire

As was his Sunday habit, Marc left for the gym around 10 AM, staying until about 2 PM. That morning, he took his car and drove to Sabine's house. When he rang the bell, she opened the door and threw herself into his arms.

— Darling, how I've missed you! she said, kissing him greedily.

— Your cuckold isn't here?

— No, he’s out for the day with friends, as usual...

— I’m glad to see you!

— Me too!!! So, how did it go yesterday? Tell me everything!!!

— Everything went perfectly; Philippe arrived as planned, then his two friends showed up... in short, she just enjoyed herself without suspecting a thing. Your idea was brilliant, what a setup, especially right after my trip...

— And the first scene?

— Luckily she had the marks! Otherwise, I would have had to improvise.

— Not really, because I had planned to give her some if we hadn't done that evening together.

— And did that evening go well?

— Yes, it was quite amazing. Come on, take me, right now!

Marc rushed her and took her every which way.

— You really are Kely's twin; you're both just as obsessed... Come on, get on me!

— Actually, everyone is fucking in secret and no one knows. It's total hypocrisy, but this little game is so exciting!

— I admit it's pretty great, but you girls are the ones enjoying it even more!

— Yes, but careful! Kely is my best friend and I never want her to know our secret. If that happened, I'd cut off all ties with you for life. She wanted to create a breakthrough, to settle a fundamental question for your relationship, and I'm proud I made it happen!

— For now, it’s all staying in the family and nothing’s getting out. Now, move hard!

— Hmmm... That feels so good... We’ll have to plan our little club outing so I can bring my cuckold husband along.

— I don't know which of you two is the bigger cuckold... But when it comes to vice, you are definitely number one!

— Hmmm... That’s exactly why you’re behind me right now, isn't it!?

— True! I’m going to leave my offering now and then I’ll have to run...

I woke up late, a bit sore from the night's adventures. I had just experienced the most wonderfully sensual moment of my entire life. Marc was already gone; I was left alone with my damp thoughts. I had breakfast, reminiscing about the previous evening, which I could never have imagined. For me, it was a true

liberation. My thoughts were interrupted by a phone call.

I had noticed some issues with the house's video surveillance system. Since the place was quite large, I wanted to be sure and had requested a technician, forgetting he was scheduled for today. A few minutes later, the guy showed up; just enough time for me to slip into a thong and a long t-shirt. I found the visit of this young, tall, handsome boy around 25 years old very pleasant. I finished my coffee, letting him do his job, then went back to the bedroom to get ready for a shower. His voice called out; he wanted access to the central console located right in the bedroom.

— I'm really sorry to disturb your privacy, he said with a big smile.

— Not at all! Don't worry about it! Can I offer you a coffee?

— Oh, that's kind! I'd love one, thank you!

— What is your name?

— David! And yours?

— Kely!

I returned with a tray and two cups.

— Here is your coffee!

— Thank you, that's very kind of you!
— You're welcome, it's a pleasure.

— Uh... Do you know how this video network operates?

— To be honest, I'm only capable of pressing a few buttons to view the cameras. It's too complicated! I replied, laughing.

— There's a programming error in the permanent recording, he said.

— What exactly is it? I asked.

— Well, the system is active 24/7. It records as soon as a camera detects the slightest movement. The central memory keeps the images for 24 hours and then deletes them. But in your house, it seems there's very little movement.

— So?

— The stored files are extremely light. Since the system's memory isn't cluttered, it has kept them for months; it's a sort of bug.

— Which means you can find a trace of every movement here for months, is that right?

— Yes, that's it! Let me demonstrate, look.

After a few expert maneuvers, the main screen switched to playback mode, showing everything it had detected chronologically and kept in memory.

— Wow, that's crazy! Images over six months old, that's incredible!

— Yes, but it's an anomaly.

— Oh! Wait! Stop the image, go back just a bit. Can you zoom in?

— Yes, I can even add sound if you want.

It was strange. Four months ago, the entrance camera detected Sabine's arrival, welcomed by Marc, and I have no memory of it.

— No, let's keep the projection going.

— Ah, the image is flickering, we're switching cameras.

— What is this circus!? I don't believe it... I said, surprised, moving closer to the screen, my hand resting on his shoulder.

— Hum... I have the feeling I showed up at the wrong time today, he said.

— No, no! On the contrary, you showed up at the perfect time! I'm calling you "tu," that doesn't bother you, right?

— Not at all, quite the opposite! Let's be informal, it's nicer!

I saw, in delayed time, Sabine undressing, getting ready to have her way with Marc on the living room sofa. I felt high tension surging through me.

— Go ahead, you can turn up the sound and even zoom, I commanded.

— Aye aye, captain!

She was enjoying herself, sitting on his thighs, moving up and down, screaming like a madwoman. After a few minutes, they left the living room to go presumably to the bedroom. However, that was the one place where no camera was present.

— What a bitch... and she's my best friend...

— Ouch... And I assume he is...

— Yes, he's my guy... Well, come on, let's keep watching! I'll deal with that later.

— Before reaching the bedroom, they seem to have taken a break on the stairs, look...

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— Before reaching the bedroom, they seem to have taken a break on the stairs, look...

Sabine was being taken on the stairs while climbing the steps. I was flabbergasted.

— It's insane, I'm dreaming...

— Between us, your friend is super sexy, just as sexy as you, by the way, David added subtly.

— Do you want another coffee?

— Gladly! After what I just saw... I really need one!

I went down to prepare two more coffees and brought my tray back up while he continued to view the memory.

— Did you see anything particular?

— Uh... no, at least not until yesterday, he said, giving me a naughty look...

— Well, yes, I'm an idiot, you inevitably stumbled upon it!

Standing beside him, I watched the images with a certain excitement, just like my technician who didn't miss a beat.

— Plus, it's great because the sequence is long!

— Here! Here's your coffee! You're discovering the hidden side of a "proper" girl, I said ironically.

— Not at all! It's fabulous, he retorted, absorbed by the image, letting his hand stroke the inside of my thigh.

— It was an unplanned evening and, for me, a wonderful one!

— I can imagine how much you enjoyed yourself with those two guys...

— If you want to know everything, it's not over!

As the film progressed, I could still feel his hand coming and going, stroking my leg. I didn't move, waiting for the unexpected, savoring these unforeseen moments. He fast-forwarded the film until the arrival of Philippe's friends. Without looking at me, he replaced his hand on the inside of my thigh and continued to stroke me with more insistence. It was truly a test that must have been making him fantasize, knowing that the "vicious actress" was standing right next to him.

— Oh no... I don't believe it.... What a bitch she is...

— Hey! You're talking about me there! I retorted, laughing. What are you thinking?

— Hmmm.... I'd love to have her! Because this isn't a movie; it's the real thing!

— If I were you, I wouldn't hesitate for a single second!

The message was received. Without moving his eyes from the screen, I felt his hand now stuck to my thong. I took the opportunity to slide my hand through his half-open shirt. I felt his fingers explore my intimacy, while he passed his other hand under my t-shirt to seize my breasts. I closed my eyes and savored the moment. I took him by the hand and led him to the bed nearby. I unbuttoned his clothes, revealing his intense readiness.

— You are radiant, fabulous, magnificent... the girl of my dreams, he declared with emotion.

— Hmmm.... If you had me as a girlfriend, you'd go crazy! I said suavely.
— I'd start by giving you a well-

deserved spanking, and then make you come every which way!

— Today, I am your girlfriend! Your wish is my command! I retorted in a suggestive voice.

He turned me over, flipped me onto his thighs, and set about fulfilling his dream. His raw, insulting words brought my excitement to its peak.

— They're all pink now! he said.

— They need to be bright red! I'm counting on you! I commanded insistently.

In that position of total offering, I felt his hand gently begin a deep exploration. My state of excitement was such that any lubricant became useless. I found myself in a humiliating position, being explored by a handsome stranger. The more he intensified his work, the more I offered him the share of my pleasure, moaning with delight.

I was thrown into a doggy-style position on the bed, David continuing his exploration with his impressive strength. I felt the slap of his hands accompany his wildest desires until the moment when, unable to hold back, I turned around to collect the bubbling fruit of his pleasure. We exchanged a few words about the situation I was facing, concluding that our frank encounter was much healthier than the hypocrisy of a man sleeping with my best friends.

— I'd really like us to see each other again! I told him warmly.

— It's simple! You have my contact info; you can call me day or night, and I'll come to you immediately.

— Alone or in a group? I retorted, laughing.

— Whatever you want; I can be your director!

I walked him to the gate, giving him a long, tender kiss. I went back to the bathroom to finally take my shower. I intended to visit Sabine, not to reveal what I knew, but to keep playing the game that was becoming increasingly thrilling. Watching the lies and hypocrisy circulate among the four of us was becoming a mentally exciting game.

By luck, David had left shortly before when, stepping out of my tub, I saw Marc return against all odds. I was drying myself with my bath towel when he grabbed me brutally by the hips, turning me against the edge of the tub and penetrating me with disconcerting ease, unaware that I had just come from an explosive orgasm I would never reveal to him!

— You still have the fresh marks on your backside! he said, taking me from behind.

— Hmmm. You guys didn't go easy on me last night! I said hypocritically.

That idiot had no idea those fresh marks weren't from last night, but from just minutes ago. Nevertheless, I took what good there was to take from the situation. Being caught by surprise helped me suppress my hatred; I couldn't forget last night, which had changed everything.

From now on, like the rest of them, I would play the hypocrite and reap the profit or pleasure.

— So, how was your workout? — Yes! Great. After the welcome you just gave me, I'm relaxed and cool!

— I'm going to head out for a bit; shall we meet for dinner tonight?

— Okay! Have fun, see you tonight! he said, smiling.

I had caught a scent on his skin that I knew all too well; I was convinced he had been to see Sabine, since her husband only returned late. I decided to pay her a visit, just to have some fun and play with my pawns.

— Darling! I knew you'd show up! Sabine said with a wide smile, kissing me affectionately. Come, I want to show you a skirt I just bought, perfect for our nights out!

In the bedroom, she stripped off her clothes and slipped on the white skirt, which was completely open on one side.
— How do you like it?

— Hmm... Nice, and very easy to access!

I suddenly felt a primal urge to play with her, to make her crawl, to submit her to my desires, an invisible vengeance against the woman sleeping with my man in secret. *Little whore*, I thought intensely...

— Do you think I look cute?

— You look good enough to eat...

— Oh! I forgot to tell you! I got a package from Cyril. I left him my card at the sex shop, you'll never guess what he sent! I hid it under the bed so Frank wouldn't find it. Want to see?

She got on all fours to grab the package.

— Here, look! I haven't had time to try it yet!

— A very fine piece for a pretty little submissive... Let me check the access points, I said suavely.

Naked under her skirt, I held her to the floor, head down. I activated the large vibrator and slid it along her backside, slapping her cheeks sharply.

— More, please! she begged, holding them open.

— You certainly deserve these slaps!

I deeply inserted the latex machine, ramping up the vibrations. Sabine didn't need any lubricant either. The 30-centimeter device did its job; Cyril had judged the beast well! Her moans encouraged me to delicately force her other ring, which offered no resistance. Marc had likely prepared the ground

unconsciously... She collapsed, panting. It was time to plan our night at the club.

— What do you think about organizing our outing for Friday night? Sabine asked.

— Good idea; let's meet in front of the club at 9 PM.

This gathering would finally bring to light what had always been simmering: the infidelities of Marc, Sabine, and even Frank. Sexually speaking, I saw no interest in them anymore.

I called David, my one honest connection, and explained the situation. He joyfully confirmed he was free for midnight. So, the four of us met in the parking lot. At the table, sipping a Mojito, I watched these "innocents" in

front of me, all of whom were fornicating behind each other's backs.

— Well, excuse us, but I really feel like taking a little walk, Sabine said. Kely, want to join me?

— Right behind you, I confirmed, taking her hand.

I watched the faces of the two men; it was hysterical. Marc was suppressing his bitterness at seeing his mistress leave with me, while Frank was fuming at the thought of his wife being with the woman he'd recently slept with, all while ignoring that the man sitting across from him was his wife's regular lover.

We soon found ourselves in good hands, leaning side by side on a bench, making

out thoroughly in a subtle play of tongues while two males busied themselves actively behind us. We had the incredible, thrilling pleasure of seeing our respective males watching us while we gave ourselves to others. During our romp, Sandy came over to greet us with a wide smile.

— Are you girls alone tonight? Sandy asked.

— Oh no, tonight we brought our two cuckolds!

— But where are they?

— Hmmm... Not far, they’re right behind you!

— Well, what a great opportunity for me; taking care of cuckolds is my thing! Sandy replied, laughing.

Sandy quickly slipped between the two men and was on her knees before they even finished introducing themselves. Before returning to the table, the two of us decided to treat ourselves to another assault from two new suitors without moving an inch. Sandy was very busy, because being "cuckolds" didn't mean they were amateurs! Once the assault was over, we returned to our table to wait for Marc and Frank.

— You see, darling, tonight is a great victory for all of us. Do you know why? I asked Sabine.

— Yes, I know very well! We're putting an end to all our lies by dropping our masks! Sabine retorted.

— You can say that again! But at least between us, the situation will be clear. That won't stop us from continuing our secret libertine life, because it's all they deserve. I found out you've been sleeping with Marc for a long time; I slept with Frank at your request. You're a nympho and my friend; therefore, I forgive you because I love you. The men, however, I don't feel like doing any favors.

When Sabine learned that I knew everything about her and Marc, a tragic expression crossed her face, which I quickly dispelled with my sincere words.
— Forgive me, darling; I stupidly let

myself get caught up in the game, Sabine replied with a touch of melancholy.

— Let's not talk about it anymore! But tonight, I want you to take Marc in front of me, just as I’m going to take your husband in front of you.

Frank and Marc returned to the table looking pleased.

— This is really a great place! Marc said.

— And some great encounters! Frank added.

— Marc, come with me, it’ll only be the second time today! Sabine said with a huge smile.

— Frank? Coming with me? We can't leave them all alone, can we? I suggested.

The four of us found ourselves with partners of choice. I watched Marc, blown away by the revelation Sabine had just made in front of everyone. Back at the table, we were paid a timely visit by our two hosts, Jérémie and Dany.

— Good evening! So, no "lobster mayonnaise" tonight? he asked, addressing Sabine.

— No, not tonight! But your beautiful white boxers are as swollen as ever! she said, feeling them.

— It’s only logical! When I see you in front of me, it becomes uncontrollable.

— Frank, my darling, I’m going to show you what I do best.

Frank was flabbergasted to discover a hidden side of the woman he had married. She stepped closer and took in her hands what she already knew well. I couldn't leave Sabine without my support; I signaled Dany to come closer, surrendering myself to the same antics as her.

— You see, Marc, Sabine is capable of satisfying many men! I said with a mocking air.

— Hum... You too! Frank added.

Jérémie arched his back, and Sabine collected the elixir under her husband's wide eyes, followed by a long swig of champagne. Still busy with Dany, she

gave me a quick, discreet wink. When I reached the point of no return, I transferred Dany's tool to Sabine's lips. She took the charge, washing it down with another gulp of champagne. Her husband, stunned, must have been kicking himself for not trying to know his wife better, scattering himself elsewhere while sitting on a treasure...

Dinner ended shortly before midnight. I watched for David's arrival. A few minutes later, I spotted him at the bar.

— Hey, treasure! So glad to see you tonight!

— I was afraid I wouldn't be able to get in...

— You won't regret coming, I said, laughing.

I gave him a quick rundown of the situation.

— I'll have a gin and tonic, and then we attack!

— Come, I'll introduce you to someone.

Sabine was wandering around, looking for inspiration. Turning around, she saw me.

— You rascal! I was looking for you, you naughty girl! she said, laughing.

— *Hum... You too!* Frank added, his voice thin as he watched the scene unfold.

Jérémie arched his back, and Sabine collected the elixir under her husband's wide eyes, followed by a long swig of

champagne. When I reached the point of no return with Dany, I transferred him to Sabine's lips. She took the charge, washing it down with another gulp of champagne. Her husband, stunned, must have been kicking himself for not trying to know his wife better, sitting on a masterpiece while searching elsewhere.

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— Hey, treasure! So glad to see you tonight!

— I was afraid I wouldn't be able to get in...

— You won't regret coming, I said, laughing.

I gave him a quick rundown of the situation. Sabine joined us, looking for inspiration.

— I want you to meet David, a good friend, I told her. He's exactly your type.
— Hmmm... Very cute. Hard to pass up an opportunity like this... she said ironically.

In a quiet alcove, David didn't hesitate to cross every barrier. I joined them, both of us on our knees, taking turns with David's gift. He then stood her up, plunging into her while I watched greedily. Sabine, in the throes of an orgasm, turned around to offer him her rectal ring, which she hurried to welcome.

— What a beautiful gift... is this to thank me for betraying you?

— No, just to thank you for everything that turned our lives upside down.

David finished his mission, and Sabine thanked him warmly. We then took her to the SM lounge, where Myriam was waiting for her star pupil. Meanwhile, I slipped away with David into a tiny cabin, acting as invisible voyeurs.

— Get on top of me! he commanded.

— You see, it's nice here, but for real privacy, we need to hide.

— Would you want to go somewhere else?

— Excellent suggestion! Let's take Sabine to a hotel for an all-nighter.

Sandy interrupted us, mentioning she wanted to take Marc and Frank back to her place. I burst into laughter.

— We're giving them to you, ribbon and all!

We found Sabine naked, tied up Shibari-style, suspended and offered to the onlookers. Once Myriam released her, I led her to the bathroom.

— Tonight, we're kidnapping you! David and I are taking you to the hotel.
— That's massive!!! And our guys?

— Sandy is taking care of them. It's perfect timing.

All we have to do is leave and enjoy some real intimacy. Sounds good, right?

The steam from the bath carried the scent of almond and tension, blurring the line between the luxury of the suite and the raw reality of our new roles. Sabine was no longer my best friend or my rival; she was a vessel for our shared whims, and she seemed to thrive under the weight of that transition.

— It's a dream! Besides, David is sweet, funny, and he's got exactly what's needed!

— Yes, I like this boy...

— I'll confess something: ever since you told me we were going to the hotel, I've had a wild urge to be submissive to both of you. Would you like that?

— Sometimes, I really feel like you're reading my mind, darling... I replied, laughing. I'll go grab David.

I found David in a quiet alcove, where a young woman was finishing a very thorough task with him. I told him the plan and mentioned the role Sabine had chosen. His interest spiked immediately. Sitting in the car later, he asked the practical question:

— We're together, this is great! Now, where are we going?

— Porte Maillot; there's always room. I'll confirm the reservation.

As we drove, the conversation turned to how we all met.

— I mainly handle video networks for large estates, David explained. I often find the lonely wife there instead of the busy owner.

— That's how we met, I added ironically. David came to fix a bug that was saving every recording for the last six months. That's how I discovered you and Marc, darling!

— So you saw the "movie"?

— Yes! And I kept a copy so we could watch it together! I shot back, dying of laughter.

— None of that matters anymore today, Sabine retorted, dismissing the betrayal with a wave of her hand.

Upon arrival, we were upgraded to a stunning suite.

— Wow, this is great! A king size and a superb bathroom! David cried.

— You're going to be very comfortable, my little kitten, I said to Sabine. David and I are going to take very good care of you. Sabine, go get me a robe, and hurry up!

A completely naked Sabine brought back robes for David and me.

— Thank you, darling! And for you?

— I only saw two in the bathroom!

— You little idiot! Look in the wardrobe! I retorted, giving her a sharp reminder.

— Oh yes! You were right.

— Come here, turn around, and bend over! I commanded, delivering two sharp slaps to her skin without mercy.

— I'm sorry for the mistake.

— You don't have the right to make mistakes here! Get on your knees.

Sabine obeyed instantly, fully committed. While she was prostrate, David checked the hotel TV.

— I think I found a movie our slave will love! Look, Sabine!

— Wow, thank you, David, that's exactly the kind of movie I love...

— Then you have the right to thank me! David said, standing naked before her. You see what the girl is doing in the movie? Do the same.

Sabine hurried to follow the onscreen instructions with expert attention.

— Maybe it's time to scrub her down, I suggested. Given what she took tonight,

we'd better check if she's fit for consumption.

— You're right. You, come with me, David commanded her.

In the bathroom, I ran a bath with foam and essential oils.

— What did you do tonight to get so dirty? I asked as we all settled into the tub.

— I was tied up, men came to play with me, and I was covered in their traces, she replied.

— I hope you enjoyed it! David retorted.

David took her back; I took her front. My hand, coated in oil, explored her delicately while David did the same

from behind. Sabine let out small moans, arching to ease our access.

— Do you like it?

— I don't just like it, I love it...

— David is very gifted; he gave me the same treatment while we were watching you on video. A true artist, I added, soaping her and pinching her skin.

— I'm deep inside, it's splendid! There's been quite a lot of traffic here... David noted.

— You little slut! Marc went through here too, didn't he?

— Yes, especially there. It's our favorite path, she confessed under my slaps.

The bathwater swirled around us, a warm, fragrant witness to her confession.

Every secret was out now, washed away by the foam and replaced by the stinging reality of my hand on her skin. I looked at David, then back at Sabine, realizing that the night was no longer about revenge, it was about pure, unadulterated control.

The hotel room had become a sanctuary where the traditional boundaries of our lives simply ceased to exist. After a deep rinse, we ordered Sabine to dry off and wait for us on her knees. David and I stayed in the tub, kissing deeply before he rose to present his strength. I teased him with my tongue while staring into Sabine's eyes; she envied me furiously. He turned me over and drowned himself in me, my pleasure-filled face inches from hers.

Preferring the softness of the bed, we moved to the bedroom. David tied Sabine's hands to her feet behind her back. We began our romps without any inhibition. I moved forward, offering my pubis to a bound Sabine at the edge of the bed while David was above me. I felt infinite pleasure as she began a fierce cunnilingus.

— Did you often have experiences with women during your missions?

— Often! Mostly ages 35 to 40. Some even called me back for "repairs" just so I'd take care of them...

— I think we can release our little brat now so she can join us, don't you?

— Good idea, David replied.

— What do you think, Sabine?

— Hmmm... I'm dying for it...

Sabine rushed at me, devouring me. David moved behind her, starting his long thrusts. I rolled under her, offering myself while returning the favor. David would occasionally slide his tool between my lips before returning to her. Sabine moaned constantly when David chose her "favorite route." I watched him, powerful and tense, so close to me in his action.

I was there to lubricate his way and recover him between thrusts. Eventually, Sabine and I swapped places, letting David take care of me while she handled the "maintenance" just as I had. Feeling the fateful moment approaching, we both turned to receive his elixir, which we shared between our lips in a long, thorough kiss. It was late, but we had

cherished our three-way intimacy. Sabine snuggled into my arms on one side, held by David on the other, and we fell into a deep, well-deserved sleep.

The next morning, I was woken by a rhythmic slapping sound. Opening my eyes, I saw David, fully aroused, vigorously busy between Sabine's cheeks. Mid-orgasm, she squeezed my hand tightly before falling back onto the bed, limp.

— My, you're full of energy so early!

— I saw she was awake; I couldn't help myself, David declared.

— We should probably order a nice breakfast! Sabine, that's your job! Take care of the logistics.

While she was on the phone, my stallion took the opportunity to come onto me, resuming a pace as brutal as it was pleasant. After placing the order, Sabine returned to us, subtly kissing me. When she felt David arching his back, she came to collect his essence. We had just finished our exploits when there was a knock at the door.

— Sabine, your duty! I commanded.

— Yes, I'm going!

She grabbed a towel to hide her chest, without realizing the rest was fully exposed. Room service brought the breakfast on a rolling table.

— Good morning, Ladies and Gentleman, said the waiter, looking amused.

— Good morning! I replied.

— I hope you spent a very pleasant night, he added ironically while setting the table.

— Magnificent. And you? I shot back.
— Ah... alas, not as magnificent as yours, I'm sure.

He was very cute and full of humor.

— If you had brought breakfast last night, you could have stayed with us! Sabine declared, laughing.

— Oh? Why? Is it too late now? he countered instantly.

— Sabine? We're counting on your devotion, darling.

Without losing a second, she approached the table, knelt at the young waiter's feet,

and seized what she craved. In top form, she led him to the edge of our big bed. She turned on all fours, offering him her backside, which he took immediately. Within minutes, he spilled into her.

— Oh! What a joy this morning! I wasn't expecting such a welcome!

— Does this kind of welcome happen often?

— Sometimes, women in heat or those wanting to please their friend... Anyway, sorry, I mustn't linger! Thanks again and have a great day! he said with a radiant smile.

— Wow, what a stroke of luck for you this morning, Sabine! It was unexpected, I said, laughing.

— Tell me, what did Marc and Frank do last night? Sabine asked.

— I have no idea! They probably spent their time bragging... Sabine burst out laughing.

We finally attacked breakfast with appetite. We were finishing when someone knocked again.

— Oh, probably the maids... David said.
— A bit early for a weekend! I replied.

Sabine hurried to open the door. No maid! It was a handsome, dark-haired Apollo with blue eyes carrying a large fruit platter.

— With the compliments of the management! he said.

— Oh, you rascals! You've passed the word around, haven't you? I retorted, laughing.

— Well... I was told I had to deliver this tray to some extraordinarily kind guests, he said with a wide smile.

— Alright, let's be clear! David said, dying of laughter. The blonde or the brunette?

— Could I perhaps enjoy the luck of having both? he replied, amused.

— Okay, I'll volunteer, I said. Sabine, come with me!

Since we were both already naked, it didn't take much effort! We took him by the hand and led him to the edge of the bed. Sitting side by side, I let Sabine unfasten his clothes, and then we took

turns attacking our prey, who was built like a true Apollo.

The two of us got into a doggy-style position at the edge of the bed, leaving our Apollo the choice of weapons and attack. I was the first one he struck, and I felt truly "struck." He then took Sabine following the same order. I wondered how he managed to last so long. Freed from my immediate duties, I turned around to greedily watch his impressive mass go back and forth through Sabine's ring.

Suddenly, feeling his breaking point reached, Sabine turned around, and we took that mass between our lips, along with the massive delivery he gave us. Driven by the surge of our excitement, we kissed each other as much as we licked each other's faces.

After these moments outside of time, we left the hotel and our hidden personas behind, returning to our respective dens and our husbands. Our wild adventures of the past few days allowed us to take a huge step forward in our relationships as couples, as much for me as for Sabine.